Are You My Appendix? Because I Want To Take You Out
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Are You My Appendix? Because I Want To Take You Out

by DancingSkys

Summary

Yoongi has stomach pains but ignores it because he thinks it's not a big deal and eventually he realizes it might have been a bigger deal than expected.

Notes

Freaking finally! Jeez, this took me forever to write. I had like 1,700 words and after that nothing. I finished writing this the last two days but I decided to not take any more requests until I have all of them finished. I don't know if I have gotten rid of my writer's block but I sure hope so. I have already told you that updates will be a bit slower but I still want to update every 2 to 3 weeks depending on how much I can write for this series.

This was requested by an anon on Tumblr and I hope they'll like it.
There were also the requests of Namjoon getting angry at Yoongi about something and SugaMon arguing which I kind of tried to include into this but I don't know if I have really succeeded. It's a bit difficult to write stories for some requests because I don't want to publish one with just 500 words but building one up around those two especially is a bit difficult so I hope this is okay? If you expected something different feel free to message me, I want everyone to be happy :)
Oh and there was another anon who asked for a SickFic. It' snot the exact same as the request but I hope they'll like this as well.

DancingSkys if you want to message me on Tumblr ~

According to Yoongi feeling unwell was best treated by simply ignoring it until it went away again as if acknowledging it meant it would just get worse. It was a rule he had always followed, his mother had screeched and screamed at him sometimes when he had tried to go to school with a raging fever, an awful cough or the flu. It wasn't that he liked torturing himself but in his opinion things would go back to normal sooner or later and although he liked being lazy he didn't like being unproductive so his mother had to wrestle him back into bed and make sure he stayed there which was sometimes more difficult that one might think. Once she had succeeded Yoongi liked to go over to phase two which was just wasting away in bed and sweating to his misery.

Of course it came as no surprise that living alone enabled him to follow this rule without a fuming dragon outside of his bedroom door so when he woke up in the morning and felt a bit sick for the second day in a row he didn't think too much of it. He just sighed tiredly and got up, settling for some tea instead of coffee and munching on a bland toast that he hardly managed to digest and felt like throwing up again but managed to keep down.

Luckily he didn't have any classes today and could therefore work on his music and hopefully distract himself from the unpleasant feeling until it went away again on its own, his stomach seemingly keen on remembering him every few minutes that 'Hey, I don't feel good. I think something is wrong but I don't know what and I really didn't like that toast you ate earlier' so it was understandable that he wasn't in the best mood possible.

The song he was working on was good, he really liked it but after listening to the same beats over and over again and not getting a single thing done because everything he added seemed to make the song sound worse and was therefore deleted again soon became rather frustrating. He didn't like feeling queasy because he felt like he couldn't do anything properly, the smallest sounds annoyed him and sounded way too loud and he got headaches and just… he couldn't even just surf the web and watch videos because he'd get sick from shaky cameras or quickly changing angles. He opened a window and was once again glad he didn't have a brick wall right in front of his apartment. It wasn't the nicest view, he looked over the roof of another house and onto a small parking lot at the back of another apartment complex but at least he got natural sunlight and wasn't

facing the busy streets.

He closed his eyes and breathed in the fresh air, feeling too stuffy in his own home. It did help to sooth his headache for a while and make him feel a bit more recharged.

With a sigh he closed the window again because he was getting cold and looked at the clock on his microwave, humming softly as he figured he should get going so he'd be at Namjoon's when the older got back from work… or he could ask for a lift because he really didn't feel like walking and riding the subway when he felt this sluggish and… strange.

He unlocked his phone and sent a simple *pick me up?* and a duckling emoji just because he felt like it. Namjoon answered just a few minutes later with an arrangement of emojis that included a car, thumps up, the number thirty and a finger pointing down. Yoongi snorted in a somewhat fond manner, convinced he'd feel better and hopefully be distracted from his stupid stomach ache once he was together with his boyfriend and they were talking about their shitty day.

About half an hour later he was bundled up in a warm jacket but still freezing a bit although he was sure he was sweaty underneath the layers of clothings. It wasn't even that cold outside but he was still freezing his ass off, stepping from one foot onto the other impatiently as he waited from Namjoon's Audi to appear, the expensive car coming to a halt in front of him and Yoongi hurried to get inside, fiddling with the heating and turning it up several degrees before snuggling back into his jacket.

Namjoon raised an amused eyebrow at him and the younger huffed, leaning back into his seat that was quickly warming up and pulling up his shoulders as he looked out the window. "I'm cold," he grumbled and Namjoon chuckled softly. "I can see that." He pulled away from the sidewalk, the ride silent except for the soft chimes coming from the radio and the engine purring faintly whenever the elder sped up a bit.

"How's the song coming along?" the lawyer asked after a while, glancing over his shoulder before switching lanes and Yoongi just huffed. "Not at all, everything sounded shitty so I didn't change anything." He got a hum in return. "Maybe let it sit for a day or two and listen to it again later. Maybe you'll have an idea then," the older suggested, Yoongi just humming. He didn't really feel like talking so

Namjoon let him be.

His stomach ache was still there and now he was sweating like stupid.

Once the arrived at the elder's home Yoongi shrugged off his jacket and hurriedly took off his shoes, walking over to the couch and curling up on a blanket like a cat.

"Want some hot chocolate?" Namjoon asked as he walked past him, brushing a hand through his hair but Yoongi shook his head, surprising the other slightly but he didn't say anything, going to the kitchen to fix himself a cup of tea and get some cookies. When he came back with his treats Yoongi had curled up in his blanket, looking more like a small ball now and Namjoon furrowed his eyebrows, sitting down in the armchair. "Do you want chicken wings later?" he asked, the younger glancing at him before closing his eyes again. "M' not hungry," he said quietly, the lawyer pursuing his lips. "Everything okay?" he asked worriedly, the other just humming softly so he accepted it with a soft sigh, sipping his tea and reading the newspaper. If something big was bugging Yoongi he would probably tell him sooner or later, maybe he was just tired.

It was silent between the two and Yoongi placed both of his hands on his lower stomach, furrowing his eyebrows in displeasure as the pain just seemed to grow stronger the more time passed. It didn't feel like that uncomfortable twisting and turning whenever he had eaten something wrong it just… he couldn't really describe it but it was damn uncomfortable and he didn't feel like doing anything, especially eating.

He huffed out a breath and closed his eyes, trying to doze off and relax for the time being until he noticed a hand going through his hair, humming softly at the nice feeling and melting more into the couch.

"Who do you belong to, baby?" Namjoon murmured into his ear and Yoongi sighed, mumbling a soft. "To you, sir." He could imagine the older smiling, still always wearing this proud expression whenever he asked his sub and the younger replied without hesitation.

If Yoongi was being honest, he didn't really feel like doing anything tonight but… he had heard sometimes sex helped girls with their periods… It was stupid and farfetched but maybe he could distract himself with some playtime and his stomachaches would get better. That and he always wanted to please his dom, no matter how.

Which is how he found himself in the bedroom about twenty minutes later, body bare of any clothes he had worn previously, breath laboured, hands curled into the sheets and back arched with his ass up in the air, presented to his dom who was seated behind him and slowly thrusted his slicked up fingers back and forth. Yoongi panted into the sheets, his whole body sweaty and feeling hot. The stomach pains had led up slightly but they were still very much present and that bugged him a lot because it prevented him from getting into his headspace and feeling submissive. Right now he was torn between simply ignoring it or asking Namjoon to maybe wait until the pains had disappeared which he didn't want because that mean no sexy time and he really, really carved sexy time after the older had worked him up so much. Blame his skilled finger and that professional dirty talk.

He closed his eyes and tried to relax and just focus on the elders fingertips pressing all the good spots inside of him, soft hums and whines falling from his lips between puffs of air.

The older smiled, smoothing his free hand over one of his lover's soft butt cheeks and kissing the skin a few times before leaning forward and sucking some marks just above his tailbone which had the younger squirming slightly.

"You like that, baby?" the dom murmured lowly and Yoongi took a shaky breath. "Y-nng y-yes, sir, feels good," he breathed, smushing his cheek into the blanket and turning his head to the side so he could breath better.

Namjoon smiled and straightened up again, pulling his fingers out of Yoongi who whined at the sensation, another whine escaping him as the older ordered him to lick his lube-covered fingers clean. He shuffled a bit so he could reach better and took the three fingers into his mouth obediently, tongue swiping over them and lapping up all remains of thick lube until they were pretty much clean and his dom seemed to be satisfied once Yoongi's face was completely flushed and drool was running down his chin, gently pushing his shoulders back down again and grabbing onto his hips.

A low moan escaped Yoongi as the lawyer slowly pushed his length into him a moment later, curling his fingers into the sheets even tighter and closing his eyes, taking deep breaths to keep his stomach from tensing up because that was even more uncomfortable. He was glad the older gave him a little time to adjust which wasn't always the case before he pulled back and started thrusting into him.

It was the strangest experience Yoongi has ever had. On the one hand he was incredibly turned on and wanted the older to just use him, be a good little sub and let him do whatever he wanted to do with his body but on the other hand he wanted to get some rest and stop the elder's length from thrusting into him because his stomach didn't like it at all. It was confusing and strange and Yoongi didn't know what to do, rarely having felt this… conscious and present when he was the lawyer's sub which made him feel guilty and in turn made him want to continue because that's the least thing he could do for the other.

Apparently he was good at covering this up because Namjoon didn't really seem to notice what was going through his sub's head, maybe also because he couldn't see his face.

"Such a good boy," the dom murmured and Yoongi's heart fluttered at that, strangely proud of himself for still being able to be good to the older even when he was like this. It made him want to continue and get more praise, pushing his face further into the mattress to blend out the pain.

It was somewhat easy to ignore it until Namjoon decided to spice things up, thrusting harder and rougher which made Yoongi inch up the bed. He squeezed his eyes shut and held up breath, biting his bottom lip because fuck, it really, really hurt now and he tried to find his voice and get that damn word past his lips because it wasn't really pleasurable anymore and his mind was mostly clouded by pain and nothing else.

He opened his mouth, sucking in some air and preparing to stop all this but the next second a blinding pain travel through his whole body and all he could see was white, his stomach feeling like it was ripped open and his organs crushed. He couldn't move, he couldn't think, he couldn't even breathe and he didn't know how long it took but his lungs were screaming for air and struggled to get air into them but it felt like his airways were blocked, barely managing to breathe in and even then it hurt more than anything else.

Another wave of that blinding pain shot through him and this time he could hear himself scream and wail and sob. He had lost his orientation completely, the only thing he knew was the ripping pain that spread all over him, still struggling with breathing and his heart felt like it was close to exploding.

Namjoon felt like someone had thrown him into cold water, almost getting whiplash from how quickly everything had turned around. One second everything was fine, Yongi was moaning beneath him while he thrusted into his sub, almost blissed out by the pleasure he got from his tight heat and the next second Yoongi was screaming like someone had shot him. It was the most pained sound Namjoon had heard in his entire life and it made him stop immediately, mind and heart racing with the worst case scenarios. Never before had he gotten out of his own headspace so damn fast but he was frozen in place, unable to think or act.

“Yoongi?” he asked, worry and panic making his voice unsteady but the younger was completely out of it, body spasming and it sounded like he couldn’t breathe.

Namjoon had never been so scared, his hands shaking as he held the student’s hips and slowly pulled out, afraid of hurting the younger even more and cold waves of dread rolled over his body as he heard him choke and wail, the sounds resembling those of a dying animal. He tried lowering Yoongi carefully, turning him onto his side so he could hopefully breathe easier and his heart shattered as he heard him scream again, tears prickling in his eyes.

He stood up from the bed and crouched down next to Yoongi, eyes wide and frantic as he took in his pained expression, his poor lower lip bleeding because he was biting down so harshly and both tears and sweat were mixing together.

“Yoongi?” Namjoon choked, scared of touching the boy but grabbing on of his hands shakily but he didn’t get a reaction. He straightened up and checked every inch of the student’s body but there was nothing visible that would cause him this much horrible pain which made the lawyer panic even more. He pulled on his hair, heart up in his throat as he looked around helplessly, almost sobbing because Yoongi sounded like he was choking on his own breaths and could suddenly just stop breathing all together.

He looked around frantically, spotting his cellphone and jumping to grab it, fumbling with the small device which took way too long for his liking. He dialed the number he didn’t think he’d ever use and tugged on a pair of boxers while grabbing some shorts and rushing back to Yoongi, asking for an ambulance when the female voice on the other side asked what kind of assistance he needed. It was the only thing he could think of at the moment, too scared to wait even a second longer.

He had always imagined he would stay calm and it would be easy to call for an ambulance but now that he was scared for the younger and it really was an emergency his thoughts were all over the place and he stumbled over his words and was somewhat thankful that he knew his number by heart as the operator asked for it before anything else.

“What is your emergency?” the woman then asked and Namjoon looked at Yoongi, carefully trying to tug on the shorts.

“M-my boyfriend is um… he’s in pain and he’s not responding.”

“Do you know the source of the pain or where it’s located?”

“N-no.”

“Okay, is he still conscious?”

“Um… he’s awake.”

“Can you talk to him.”

“No… no.”

“Okay, the ambulance is on the way. Please stay with me for now, I will ask some more questions and tell you what to do. What is your name?”

“Kim Namjoon.”

“And your boyfriend’s name?”

“Min Yoongi.”

“Alright. Is your front door unlocked?”

“N-no… I’ll go unlock it.” Namjoon all but sprinted to the front door and just opened it before rushing back and putting his phone on speaker. “Okay.”

“Is the door unlocked?”

“Yes.”

“Good, is your boyfriend still awake?”

“Y-yes, yes I… I think he is.”

“Okay. Does he have trouble breathing?”

“H-he did but um… I think it’s a bit better now. He’s breathing.”

“Good. Listen carefully, I’ll tell you what to do now. Check if you boyfriend has any vomit or food in his mouth.”

“He doesn’t,” Namjoon said after checking, feeling the slightest bit more calm with someone telling him exactly what to do. His hands were still shaking but he held onto one of Yoongi’s to try and ground himself. They were both shirtless and he was sure they’d look a bit suspicious but he honestly didn’t care for any of that at the moment.

“If you can roll him onto his side.”

“He is.”

“Good, the paramedics are on the way. Please remove any obstacles that could be in the way. Do you have any pets?”

“No I… w-we don’t.”

“Alright, keep an eye on your boyfriend until the paramedics arrive. If anything changes or his conditions worsens call me again. Until then stay calm and wait for the ambulance.”

“Okay,” Namjoon breathed out, the woman wishing him all the best before hanging up. The lawyer took a deep breath, running his hand through Yoongi’s sweaty hair. The younger was whimpering and still shaking, tears running down his cheeks and it broke Namjoon’s heart. He waited a few more moments before standing up and making sure to kick all the clothes away, grabbing a shirt and pulling it on hastily before rushing back to Yoongi’s side and checking on him again.

Nothing much had changed and he worried that he had overreacted but he’d rather be safe than sorry… though he still felt guilty. It wasn’t the time to let his emotions get the better of him just yet so he pushed everything aside, trying to stay focused.

“Help is on the way,” he said softly, voice a bit shaky as he stroked the younger’s hair again, hoping to sooth him somehow.

It only took about a minute or two longer before Namjoon heard people entering the apartment so he forced himself to step out of the bedroom. There were two paramedics who followed him into the bedroom, staying out of their way and lingering in the background

while they did their job. They tried to ask Yoongi questions but all that came out of the younger where pained whimpers and as one of the men left to get the stretcher Namjoon was close to tugging his hair out.

“He doesn’t seem to have an external injuries so we’ll take him to the hospital so they can check if all his organs are intact,” the remaining man said, packing his things again. “You need to decide whether to stay here and maybe go to the hospital yourself or if you want to ride in the ambulance.”

“No, no, I’ll come with you,” Namjoon said quickly, grabbing a random pair of sweatpants and tugging them on as well as a sweatshirt jacket and his cell and wallet.

It was all kind of a blur from then on and since he wasn’t allowed to go with Yoongi once they were at the hospital he just sat in an assigned waiting area and stared at his hands, trying to figure out what had gone wrong but his mind didn’t seem to work. He just sat there and waited for hours, looking at the clock again and again and finally around midnight a doctor walked into the room and asked for Kim Namjoon.

The lawyer jumped to his feet and rushed over, bombarding the poor man with questions as soon as he was within earshot. “Is he okay? What happened? Is he sick? Is he going to be okay?” he asked frantically, tiredness and everything forgotten.

The man asked him to take a deep breath and calm down, leading him out of the waiting room and into the hallway so they wouldn’t disturb the few other poor souls who were still waiting.

“Mr. Min is fine now, his condition is not critical at the moment and since everything went alright during surgery we assume he’ll have a normal recovery.”

“S-s…” was all Namjoon managed, fright taking over his mind. “W-why…”

“Mr. Min’s appendix burst and we had to remove it immediately to prevent any damage from happening. Thankfully it was still in the early stages and hadn’t spread too much which made removing it a bit easier,” the doctor explained, Namjoon feeling all sorts of things. He was worried, still a bit scared but also relieved. He was in a state of shock and it seemed it would stay for a while until his raging mind had calmed down slightly.

“We cannot exactly determine the cause of this but it’s either because the appendix has been left inflamed for too long or an external force caused this to happen.” He glanced at Namjoon over the rim of his glasses. “Whatever it was isn’t important, what we have to focus on now is Mr. Min’s recovery.”

Namjoon swallowed, opening his mouth. “Can I… can I see him?” he asked carefully and the doctor looked at him before shaking his head. “I’m sorry. Mr. Min is still sedated and will be for the rest of the night. Visiting hours start at eight am tomorrow morning. I recommend you going home and getting some sleep, Mr. Kim. Your partner is not in danger anymore and the nurse will check on him regularly.”

The lawyer deflated visibly, nodding his head in defeat. The doctor sent him a small, comforting smile. “I’m sure a bit of rest will do you good.”

Namjoon just nodded his head again in defeat and with that the man bid him goodbye and left to do whatever he had to do next. Namjoon stood there for a while, just thinking and trying to process everything before he took out his cell phone and selected a certain contact, staring at it before finally clicking the call button. He listened to the repetitive beep and waited until someone finally picked up.

“Namjoon?” Seokjin’s sleepy voice reached him and although the older couldn’t see him he still smiled weakly. “Hey… um… I know it’s late but… could you maybe come pick me up?” he asked carefully, the other end of the line staying silent for a bit before he heard rustling. “Pick you up?” the older asked in a confused manner. “It’s… half past twelve… where are you? Did you go out to drink alone?”

The lawyer shuffled his feet, looking at the ground. “No… I’m… at the hospital… actually.”

A few second of silence.

“Shit, Namjoon, what happened? Are you okay?” Seokjin asked frantically, the younger hearing him get up and move around. “Is everything alright? Are you hurt?”

The other’s worried tone made the younger smile sadly. “No, I’m fine. Everything’s okay now… kinda… Can you come? I’ll explain then,” he said softly.

“I, shit, yeah, of course,” Seokjin said. “Give me half an hour, okay? Can you walk? Can you come to the entrance or do I have to come

pick you up in a room-"

"No, it's fine," he interrupted the other before he could go on a long ramble. "I'll be at the entrance. Thanks, Seokjin."

"Yeah, I… no problem. I'll be there soon."

Waiting alone again was horrible but Namjoon pulled through and made his way to the entrance once 25 minutes had passed, standing out in the cold in just his sweats and jacket, letting the cold air help to clear his mind somewhat. A few people passed him, either employees or others who had needed to go to the ER of had been waiting for someone.

He looked up as he saw a familiar figure approaching, Seokjin tackling him in a strong hug immediately. "Fuck, you freaked me out big time," he huffed, checking Namjoon just to be sure he was alright. "What on earth happened? Why are you at the hospital? Without your car? I mean, not that I mind picking you up but…"

Namjoon managed a smile that was supposed to be reassuring but he wasn't sure if it actually was, it might have looked like strained, tired grimace instead but he didn't have it in him to put more effort into it. "I'll explain in a minute but let's get going first. I'm starting to get cold."

"I… yeah, of course. Come on, I didn't park that far away. Not many people here at night," the older said as he started walking and soon they were seated in his car and pulling out of the hospital grounds. "Spill," he said, keeping his eyes on the almost deserted roads and gripping the steering wheel a lot tighter than usually.

The lawyer sighed heavily and leaned back in his seat, looking out the window at the passing lights and buildings. "It wasn't me, it was Yoongi," he started and Seokjin tilted his head slightly in a silent question, glancing over. "I… I don't even know what happened like… it was like a full 180˚ turn without warning. I… maybe I missed something but I asked and he said it was nothing but I should have still payed attention, I mean I should have noticed but I kinda… like… I don't even know but I-"

"Namjoon," Seokjin said gently but still firmly. "You're rambling and going off topic. What happened to Yoongi?" he asked calmly and the younger sighed again. "He… we were in the middle of play and he just suddenly started screaming out of the blue and I didn't know what was going on but he sounded like he was in so much pain and he

didn't stop so I tried to ask what was wrong but he was completely out of it. His lip had even started bleeding because he bit down so harshly." The picture of Yoongi laying on his side and wailing in pain would probably never leave Namjoon's head again. "He wasn't responsive at all so I called an ambulance."

Seokjin listened quietly and just nodded his head, the younger looking down at his hands and fiddling with his fingers. "They didn't know the cause so they took him to the hospital. I rode in the ambulance with them and I waited for like… five hours or something. Before I called you the doctor told me his appendix had burst so they had to make him undergo surgery immediately. He said everything was fine now but I can only see Yoongi tomorrow."

It was silent for a little while, the older processing everything he had just heard. "Don't blame yourself for this, Namjoon. You couldn't have known and it could have happened at any point in time-"

"I had my fucking dick inside of him," Namjoon hissed and Seokjin sighed, keeping his composure. "Even then. It's not like you could have magically looked inside if his body and checked if everything was alright."

"But he was acting strange before as well, I shouldn't even have started anything," Namjoon continued and Seokjin sighed. "We're all just humans, Namjoon. We make mistakes and you did what you could. You called an ambulance as soon as it happened and they brought him to the hospital where they took proper care of him. This is not your fault."

The lawyer didn't really believe his friends but stayed silent, not wanting to argue with him now. Seokjin looked like he had only rolled out of bed and jumped into his car just to get him so he didn't want to seem ungrateful and argue. Instead he chose to remain somewhat silent while the older drove him home, thanking him softly once they arrived.

"Get some sleep," the other said. "And tell me how Yoongi is doing later, kay?"

The younger nodded his head. "Thanks for the ride."

Seokjin smiled at him and patted his knee. "Anytime, no worries and now go to bed. You need to rest."

With that Namjoon got out of the car and waved at his friend one last

time before he entered the apartment complex and slowly made his way up to his apartment. He of course didn't go to bed immediately. Instead he wandered around and peeked into the bedroom but pulled the door close and decided to sleep on the couch instead, turning on the TV and staring at it blankly until he fell asleep.

He cursed himself the next morning for not setting an alarm because when he woke up, with a noticeable crick in his neck from sleeping on the couch in an awkward position, it was already 7:58 and he had planned to get to the hospital as soon as visiting hours started. He sent a quick text to his secretary, saying it was an emergency and that he probably wouldn't be able to come in before his appointment at two before he rushed to the bathroom and took a quick shower, throwing on some clothes that he could also wear to work later but weren't too formal. He completely forgot about food and just rushed to his car to get on his way to the hospital as soon as possible, arriving around 8:41 and needing another then minutes to finally get to Yoongi's room… at least he hoped it was Yoongi's because the man at the front desk hadn't looked very convincing.

The lawyer knocked carefully, listening for a response which came in form of a raspy 'Come in' that sounded awfully similar to his boyfriend. Without hesitating any further he pushed the door open but froze in his steps before he could enter. He had always heard people looked awful after surgery but actually seeing Yoongi in such a condition was like a punch to the gut. It was in a small single bedroom, the bed propped up slightly and the TV was running with some random show, the sounds barely audible. The younger sat in his bed, leaning against the pillows and dressed in a typical hospital gown. That alone was already a sight Namjoon had never wanted to see but Yoongi was so, so incredibly pale with dark circles under his eyes and he looked exhausted, not to mention the IV drip connected to his arm.

They stared at each other for a long moment before Namjoon finally managed to step into the room and closed the door behind himself. He opened and closed his mouth a few times, unsure of what to say before he swallowed heavily and an 'I'm sorry' tumbled out of his mouth.

Yoongi continued to stare at him sluggishly, blinking a few times. "What for?" he asked slowly, sounding as bad as he looked.

“For… not noticing that something was wrong,” Namjoon said quietly, rubbing his arm and looking at the floor. “I should have noticed and I should have done something about it instead to going and… and doing *that* and I’m just… I’m really, really sorry.”

The younger blinked at him owlishly so the older continued with his ramble. “I mean, I could have been gentler and maybe nothing would have happened then but no, I had to be rough and I hurt you and it’s my fault that you’re here now and I feel awful and I probably shouldn’t do anything anymore because apparently it always turns out like this and I can’t do anything right and-”

“Namjoon,” Yoongi said and the lawyer looked at him with a pitiful expression. “I’m here because my appendix burst, not because you sent me here.”

“No, no, no you’re here because I *made* you appendix burst. It’s my fault.”

“If anything it’s my body’s fault.”

“No, it’s me, I was way too rough with you, I shouldn’t have been like that.”

“Shut up, you and I both know I like it rough,” Yoongi snapped and this Namjoon blinked owlishly. “I like it rough and you know it and that’s what you did. It’s not because of you that my appendix burst.”

“Yes it is!” Namjoon called, not getting why Yoongi didn’t understand this.

“No, it’s not.

“Yes, it is!”

“It’s not!”

“It is!”

“No!”

“Yes!”

“EXCUSE ME!”

The two looked at the door where a nurse stood with furrowed eyebrows. “Is everything alright in here?” she asked and the couple

glared at each other. “Yes!” they both hissed and the woman raised a sceptical eyebrow before huffing and rolling her eyes. “Then keep it down please.” With that she was gone again and the two were left alone, still glaring at each other.

“I’m saying it is my fault,” Namjoon hissed.

“And I’m saying this is my body so it’s my fault that I didn’t get what was going on,” Yoongi shot back.

“No, it’s mine because it’s my job to notice these things.”

“But it’s my fucking body.”

“I don’t care, it’s my fault.”

“It’s mine.”

“Mine.”

“Mine.”

More glaring befor Yoongi sighed and let his head rest against the pillows again. “Are we really arguing about whose fault it was that my appendix burst?” he asked no one in particular and Namjoon rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly. “I think we did,” he mumbled quietly and Yoongi sighed again, turning to look at the older and patting the edge of his bed to beckon him over, the lawyer taking a chair to sit down on and taking Yoongi’s hand into his own.

“That’s stupid,” the younger’s said and Namjoon hummed softly. “I’m still sorry,” he said softly and Yoongi huffed. “It’s fine, really. It would have burst sooner or later anyway because I for sure did not notice it was my appendix so if anything you probably spared me from having stomach pains for another few days.”

A weak smile tugged at the corner of Namjoon’s lips. “If you want to see it like that.” He rubbed over the younger’s hand for a while. “Does it still hurt?” he asked carefully and Yoongi hummed. “Woke up about two hours ago and had no idea what was going on and it was so, so freaking painful but it has gotten a bit better. Still hurts and I’m not really allowed to move… not that I could anyway.”

The older kissed the back of the student’s hand. “At least we know it’s gone now.”

Yoongi hummed, closing his eyes and looking like he was relaxing completely. “They told me I came in with the ambulance. Did you call the ambulance because of me?” he asked sleepily and Namjoon hummed softly. “I was so scared, I didn’t know what to do so I called them.”

“Fuck, was I naked? Were you naked?” Yoongi asked, peeking one eye open and looking at his boyfriend accusingly. “I got you in some shorts.”

“Just shorts?”

“Mhm.”

Yoongi groaned. “Great. You didn’t tell them we had sex like five minutes before, did you?”

Namjoon snorted. “Your appendix burst and you’re worried about stuff like that. I’m sure they have seen worse things than you in shorts, honey, but no, I got around telling them that but I think they might have known anyway.”

The younger sighed. “Amazing, really… but thanks. I can’t really remember any of that, just that it hurt like a bitch.”

“Yeah, I figured from your screams,” Namjoon said, kissing the other’s hand again before holding it in both of his. “I screamed?”

“A bit… then you just cried and wailed.”

Yoongi whined in embarrassment, looking at his hand that disappeared underneath both of Namjoon’s for a while. “I’m hungry,” he then said with a pout and Namjoon sent him a smile. “I don’t think your allowed to eat after surgery, honey.”

That earned him another whine. “First they see me naked, then they cut me open and now they won’t even give me food?! What is this hellhole?” he whined like a bratty child.

“I can ask a doctor but I doubt they’ll allow you to eat,” Namjoon said, feeling a bit sorry for the student who looked at him with puppy eyes. “Please?”

He sighed and stood up. “I’ll go look for someone and ask, okay?” Yoongi nodded his head and watched the older leave.

Much to his dismay he was not allowed to eat until the next day so he had to settle with a glass of water, whining every few minutes so Namjoon chose to not eat anything for now either and get something later. He had also asked when Yoongi was allowed to leave and apparently, when everything went as it should, he would be able to go home in about five days which Yoongi commented with even more whines about getting bored and lonely.

To most challenging part was when he had to take a trip to the bathroom because he couldn't really do much on his own so Namjoon had to help him with pretty much everything and his mood turned slightly gloomy as he saw the patch and gauze covering the right side of the younger's stomach.

Once Yoongi was all bundled up in his bed again and had gotten several kisses from the older it was sadly time for the lawyer's departure but he promised to come back with some of Yoongi's stuff after his appointment as soon as possible.

A few of Yoongi's friends came by, Aron even getting him a small unicorn helium balloon which Yoongi eyed in an unamused manner. "Very funny," he grumbled but Aron was just busy snickering at his reaction.

The others dropped by to visit as well, Seokjin even bringing him some soup which was the best thing Yoongi had gotten in a few days so he was beyond delighted as he wolfed it down. He was mortified as Seokjin called 'and try not to make more of his organs explode next time' as he left, gaping at Namjoon who looked mildly embarrassed as well.

"You told him?!" the younger squeaked and the lawyer cleared his throat awkwardly. "He… picked me up that night… I had to tell someone..."

"Oh god," Yoongi mumbled and hid underneath his blanket from home. "I can't believe you fucking told Seokjin my appendix burst because we had sex!"

"I thought you said it wasn't my fault?" Namjoon called accusingly

and in a fake offended voice, hearing the younger whine. “I take it back, it’s your fault!”

The other four brought him a white teddy bear when they dropped by, patting Yoongi’s head and saying he should get better soon. Jimin cuddled him for a solid minute and Taehyung twirled his hair the whole time they talked but he didn’t mind, it was pretty nice to know people cared about him enough to come and visit him which made his stay a little bit less boring.

Once he was allowed to go home he noticed that his stomach was involved whenever he tried to move and therefore made it pretty difficult to do things on his own. Namjoon refused to let the younger go back to his own apartment which Yoongi didn’t really have a problem with, letting the older take care of him the next few days before he could mostly move around on his own again.

The stitches were taken out after a while and Namjoon looked at the still very prominent scar sadly like he was the one who was to blame for it but Yoongi made it better with some kisses and cuddles.

“But next time you’re telling me when you’re not feeling good. We don’t need more organs bursting, okay?” Namjoon said one evening when they were cuddling and Yoongi grunted into his chest. “Fine.”

It was silent for a few moments.

“But only when you finally stop moping and blaming yourself,” Yoongi muttered and Namjoon had to smile softly. “Yeah, I’m working on it.”

“Good, because once I do stuff again I want you to pick up where he have stopped last time.”

This made Namjoon laugh, running his hand through the other’s hair. “Okay, okay but first you have to be healed completely.”

“I could make some lame appendix pun in the meantime.”

“I’d rather you don’t.”

“Namjoon?”

“Hm?”

“Are you my appendix? Because this feeling in my stomach makes me want to take you out.”

…

“Now that was just really lame… but I’ll take you up on that.”

“Only if you pay.”

Namjoon sighed but his chest was feeling light and he had a smile on his face. “Okay, I can work with that.”

Yoongi smiled and snuggled more into the elder’s chest. “Good.”

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